

High up in the pulpit Parson Goodman talked to his flock. His
 was no effort at pleasing oratory, no deep and studied social scheme,
 no political outburst. He told only of the great love of the Father for
 his children and the pitiless and harsh cruelty of man to mankind.

I did not listen, but I heard it all. It came to me as one hears
 sounds from a long way off, and the words were mingled with the
 lovely flute-like note of the wood thrush as he piped his joy of living
 from the top of the tallest pine in the very heart of the forest. Even
 so, I could not repress a smile as I thought how little that good man
 who was perched up there in that high pulpit could know of the
 doings of the great world outside; how little he and his flock could
 be stirred by the passions which have their origin in the pride of
 riches or in the sting of poverty. It was a good sermon all the same,
 and it told in homely phrase the story of the strife and struggle of
 this life, of the mad rush for power and wealth, the sorrows and trials
 of the world, and the eternal joy and peace of the world that is yet
 to come.

At last he shut the heavy book before him with a thud that sent
 an echo through the church, and the sermon came to an end with
 these old and by now very familiar words: "As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and ever shall be, world without end, amen." Then there was
 silence.

As the good folks left the church, they spoke to one another with
 a smile on their faces and a song in their hearts. There was a tone
 in their voices like the beauty and the peace of the world about them.

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